



# The Tower



32 1 3

## Chapter 1 by Aaron Hartmann

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

The sirens go off, time to wake up and go to work. The world went to chaos back in 2892, World War 3. The US was the start of it, nuked the whole middle east. The rest of the world didn't like that. You can guess what happened after that.

"Come on! Get to the mines!" The overseer screeches through a megaphone. You might think that I am in prison but this is just how the world is. A couple years after 2892, people started to form an organization. I call them, The Tower.

## Chapter 2 by Glowpy-Druglord



My breath was coming in short gasps as I rushed quickly to my station, my heart racing as it always did when the sirens went off. I hated this, my life, the way the world was. I wished I could have gone back, to stop this idiotic war. I was built, in shape, I had to be in order to fight the Tower. I wanted to be apart of their group, they sounded almost like a rebellion I wish I could join. All of my intelligence was urging me to abandon those thoughts, but I just couldn't.

My thoughts were reeling in my head. I couldn't get my mind to settle enough to focus on my station. The Tower was an organization that was based in the United States. They usually struck when no one was expecting it. I had heard about the day they struck so I could join them.

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Heh. Wishful thinking.

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